If you know what I mean...

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If you know what I mean...

by Phenobarbital

Summary

Will shows up at Hannibal's house very drunk and puts the moves on him. Hannibal deals.

Notes

Disclaimer: I do not own Hannibal or it's characters. And the unrecognizable lyrics in this story belong to the Bloodhound Gang.

- Not beta read.
- My version of Will drunk is probably only funny to me because I know what I think he'd sound like, but I hope it translates well enough.

See the end of the work for more notes

If you know what I mean...

It was just after eleven PM when Hannibal heard his house doorbell ring.

And then almost immediately it rang again, and his shoulders tensed as a rush of annoyance passed through him. He paused in what he was doing and considered who it might be, knowing immediately that not even Jack Crawford, for all of his self-entitlement and perceived importance, would have the nerve to behave so impatiently and rude when calling at Hannibal's.

He was standing in his kitchen presently, having completed his methodical task of vacuum sealing and freezing the fresh meat cuts he'd acquired earlier that evening from Andrew Caldwell. He had been in the process of cleaning up his kitchen, wiping his counters down so that they were pristinely clean as the dishwasher droned softly in the background.

But when the doorbell rang a third time, Hannibal quickly and expertly folded the cloth into a neat square, already mentally determining whether he could get through the following day's appointments efficiently on minimal sleep, if he decided to drag his unexpected visitor into the basement and remove every inch of their skin from their body…*slowly*.

Placing the cloth beside the sink, Hannibal calmly walked from the kitchen and through the house, his tan leather oxfords barely making a sound on the wood flooring as he strode. And as he entered his foyer, the doorbell rang again and Hannibal's mouth twitched in irritation. He stopped at the door and schooled his expression into inscrutability before he unlocked it and pulled it open, having every intention of inviting whoever his guest was inside congenially, before he would render them unconscious.

But when his eyes fell on Will, his murderous intent waned and deviated, slipping into suspicion, and slight confusion at the unexpected sight of the younger man.

"Din-dong!" Will said sluggishly and a tad too loud for that time of the night, and as he stepped back from where he'd been about to press the doorbell *again*, immediately Hannibal noticed that he was swaying lightly on his feet, wearing an absent, loosely formed and crooked smile on his face, his eyes half-lidded and pupils dilated behind his skew spectacles.

His hair was a mess –more so than usual- and his clothes were the same light flannel shirt, beige Dockers and brown jacket that he'd been wearing earlier. But his drab ensemble was untidy now –shirt untucked, top three buttons undone and pants creased. And, oh yes, Will was wearing two different shoes, which had not been the case when Hannibal had seen him in session a few hours ago.

"Good evening…again, Will." Hannibal said evenly as he tracked his eyes back up to Will's face from the younger man's shoes and raised his eyebrows just a bit, letting one hand relax at his side as he held the door open with the other. There was a breeze that filtered in then, but even if there hadn't been wind assisting to waft the scent of –cheap- whiskey permeating from Will into his senses, Hannibal would have smelled it anyway.

It was just that pungent on Will, as if he'd been soaking in it.

"Even'nin, Honee-uh-Han-Han'nin…bal…" Will said loudly and rubbed at his face uncoordinatedly, further skewing his glasses as he snickered at his own words and swayed to one side precariously.

Hannibal tipped his head very slightly as he regarded Will, and he did a quick mental assessment of Will's current state and his options for dealing with it, before he stepped back and aside, glancing outside across his front yard as he gestured for Will to enter, lest the forward neighbors hear him.

Will stepped –mostly wobbled- over the threshold until he was inside the foyer,

"The Doc…Doc-tor Haa-ninbal…" he was saying as Hannibal closed the door after he'd entered and turned to face him, "…Hannibal…Lecter," he dragged out the 'L' more than was necessary, "mmm-em-D…Doctor'n of Medinals…" Will shook his head, "…Doctor'n Han'ninbal…of Medic-, n-no, wait…-" he raised a finger and started laughing.

"Will." Hannibal cut him off, just *because*, and then he stepped toward the terribly inebriated younger man. But before he could say anything else or take Will's face in his hands to have a closer look at his eyes, still smiling, Will stepped unsteadily toward him as well, now pointing his finger into Hannibal's chest,

"…you'n'r…quite a mouth…foo-hool…" Hannibal caught Will by his upper arms to help balance him when the younger man nearly fell into him, and Will just grinned, carefree in his drunkenness, "…if'n-know what'a mean, huh?" he added. And he attempted to wink, or so Hannibal assumed, but it really just looked as if Will had something in his eye.

And no, Hannibal did not know what he meant, because that made no sense.

All thoughts of murder forgotten, Hannibal focused on what else was important right then and still holding Will's arms, he glanced over Will's unsteady form, noticing that he had no keys in either of his hands. Deciding to ask before checking Will's pockets himself, Hannibal looked into Will's face and found the younger man staring drunkenly but directly into his eyes, still smiling.

Hannibal flexed his fingers on Will's upper arms,

"Did you drive here, Will?" he asked placidly, feeling skeptical about even asking.

Will blinked sluggishly and nodded with a loll,

"Yea'uh, in like, in'n a car an'driving…*so*'is'not a pro'lem…" he raised his eyebrows at Hannibal and moved one shoulder in a shrug, his eyes drooping and his mouth red and wet, likely from consistent lip licking. Hannibal noted the implication in Will's tone that he thought Hannibal was asking an obvious question and was being horribly stupid, and he ignored it.

Will was very drunk, after all. *Very* drunk.

He found it really hard to believe that Will had driven there though, it just seemed impossible he'd have been able to drive in his state, showing up in one piece after operating heavy machinery for an hour from Wolf Trap to Baltimore as intoxicated as he was, seemed unlikely. So when Hannibal removed one hand from Will's arm to pat down the younger man's jacket pockets, Hannibal also did a quick check for any injuries.

"Coppin'n'uh feel, doc, hm…?" Will snickered and Hannibal refrained from rolling his eyes,

"Will, where are your car keys?" Hannibal dipped his head as he patted lower.

"I used my m-ine'…" Will responded in a loud whisper practically against Hannibal's ear, his warm, alcohol sticky breath ghosting over Hannibal's face. And with his hand still on the front of Will's thigh, over his left pants front pocket, Hannibal blinked, clenched his jaw and raised his head, turning his face to look at Will directly, the younger man continuing. "...empathist-istic-em-empic-ally…" Will attempted -and failed- to say…whatever that was.

Hannibal tried not to inhale the burning smell of whiskey as Will breathed in close proximity, the drunk man licking his lips wetly and continuing to speak into Hannibal's face with a crooked grin as he squinted his eyes, "…like'n mine-powers," Will pointed to his own ear, "an-an'with my-…an'in the car, like-the'cab, he just, he'n knewn', it-the driver, the guy, knew-an'I said…shhhh…" Will added the last part enthusiastically, hissing more than shushing before he leaned more of his weight into Hannibal and snickered again.

Hannibal sighed and stood up straight at hearing Will mention a cab in all of his babbling, running, slurring words. At least that cleared one thing up. He moved his hands to Will's shoulders then and pushed Will back to a more appropriate distance as the younger man started muttering about '*mutant powers*' and making someone named Jean Grey his bitch.

He'd never seen Will drunk before, but he doubted that level of intoxication was the norm for the younger man. Hannibal could only assume that after he and Will shared a glass of wine in his office earlier, Will had gone home and gotten himself well and truly plastered. And Hannibal supposed the drinking in excess could have to do with all of the unsolved cases piling up at Quantico, they were obviously stressing Will out and so Will had attempted to drown his demons for the night.

Why Will ended up back in Baltimore and at his house though, Hannibal had no idea.

He'd managed to steady Will on his feet when the younger man leaned in and scrunched up his face,

"You'n happy…to semen'see me...huh," but Hannibal held him at the same appropriate distance, "you'n welcome, okay Doctor'n Honee-bal…" Will smiled now, broadly and brought his hands up, "…hi's'prise,'s-smee." and when Will tried to pinch his cheeks, Hannibal quickly moved his hands to grab Will's wrists instead.

"I think you need to sit down, Will." Hannibal said patiently, looking into Will's smiling face.

And said face did a weird thing then, like a confused leer,

"Oh'yuh, I'n'get it…I could sid'durn…" he slurred, "…for- me-fur you, sit, Doc'or...tum'me how- if you like-…"

"Come." Hannibal ignored his nonsense –so much nonsense- and released Will's wrists to turn him around by his shoulders, before ushering the unsteady man gently and slowly through the passage toward the sitting room.

"…oooh'right…" Will tried to stop and turn around to face him as he made a weird voice and wobbled, "…bow-chik-uh…ooowooh…" but Hannibal didn't allow him to stop or fall over.

Steering him into the sitting room and then to the nearest sofa, Hannibal asked,

"How much alcohol have you had to drink, Will?" he turned Will around intending to sit him down, but the younger man shrugged him off gracelessly, his whole body added into it as he affected a look of drunken innocence,

"I dunno'an what, what alcoh-whaayt…" he frowned now, "…an'you, huh...?" he tried to sound cheeky, his words running together, "Are'n you the…drinkin' peep-people police min'ster? I'nid say-so." his eyes closed briefly, opening again when his eyebrows rose.

Hannibal just blinked and inhaled quietly at the nonsensical words and reached for Will's shoulder again, and when his hands settled, Will snorted and he reached out, his hands grasping and wrinkling the plum silk of Hannibal's shirt over his stomach, and Will grinned drunkenly,

"You'n like handcurffs…uhuh, I *knew'n it*, you, I'nknewn-you'r kinky Han-..."

"Will." he interrupted, because again, he really just needed Will to stop talking.

Will pursed his lips and snickered and Hannibal sighed and pushed down on Will's shoulders, nudging him back and down and when the back of Will's legs touched the sofa seat, he fell untidily onto the couch to sit.

"Boss'mbossy," Will's voice was oddly husky and his 's' sounds were messy when he said that. With a lightly raised eyebrow, Hannibal just assumed Will was trying to sound sexy, "I can'n be that-I'll-do, yeah-les' do it…where'sa leather…" his words continued to run and slur and he tried to sit up, to get up again.

Hannibal pressed him back to sit with a firm hand on his shoulder,

"Stay here, Will." he instructed clearly, looking into Will's half lidded eyes, "I'll be right back."

Will didn't agree with that idea, moving restlessly in his seat, but he just looked up at Hannibal with raised eyebrows, lazy eyes and affected innocence and raised his hands, shrugging again, his entire body shifting with the effort,

"Okay'right, fine, don'orry."

Warily, Hannibal stood up straight and took a step back, watching as Will pretended to be looking around, glasses still askew on his face and green-blue eyes bright and dazed from the alcohol.

"Stay." Hannibal said again, just for good measure.

Will looked at him then…and woofed, and it was wholly disconcerting and embarrassing –for both of them-, so Hannibal just turned around and left the room, heading to the kitchen to fetch Will a bottle of water.

Hannibal doubted Will had eaten much of anything that day, because Will hardly ever did, and if he'd been drinking all night, then he was really, very, very drunk and was going to be very, very sorry come morning.

Hannibal sighed as he walked into his kitchen and opened the refrigerator, feeling vaguely exhausted from having to deal with Will's strange behavior. He knew he could just sedate the younger man and not have to manage his drunken stupor, but then, Will wasn't being antagonistic or moody, in fact, he seemed to be a pleasant-ish drunk, if a bit randy. And it surprised Hannibal, both the former and the latter, because he would honestly have pegged Will for a sad drunk, and certainly not one who became inexplicably horny.

Considering Will's horniness, Hannibal had to wonder why Will had taken a cab to his house and not Alana's. Perhaps he didn't know Alana's address?

Hannibal had walked over to the set of kitchen drawers and retrieved a bottle opener from inside the topmost one, before popping the cap on the glass bottle of still water. And just as he set the opener and bent cap on the counter, Hannibal heard the sound of tinny music, tinny *god-awful* music, filtering into the kitchen from the sitting room.

So obviously, Will had not heeded the instruction to *stay*. Of course he hadn't.

He quickly left the kitchen, bottle in hand, and made his way to the sitting room, and when he entered, Hannibal paused…and stared at Will Graham, who was stood up, swaying drunkenly –in an attempt to dance?- to the music blaring from his cellphone as he opened the last button on his flannel shirt with sluggish fingers and started to shrug it off.

And when Will spotted Hannibal, it seemed to encourage him and it got **worse**.

Will started *singing along*. And he was drunk. And he didn't really seem to know the words…not until the chorus of the song came and then he suddenly **did**,

"*..do it'n…now…you an'me…baby ain' nothin' buh'…m'mmals….*" he was grinning drunkenly, dancing and singing off key and out of sync with the music, gesturing for Hannibal to come closer, "*…'s'do…like they do'nit on…the Disc'ry…shannel, yeah…"* Will went on, the same words repeating in the song again, as if the first time hadn't been bad enough.

It was like a train wreck, and while Hannibal hadn't ever cared to stare at accidents before, Will had caused the derailment in his mind, so Hannibal couldn't avoid it.

And then Will started to uncoordinatedly pull his undershirt up from the hem, still singing snippets of '*nothin' buh'* and '*do'n it'* and '*gett'n' hurny nuh'* when Hannibal quickly approached him, setting the bottle down on an accent table as he passed, and he grabbed Will's shirt hem, pulling it back ***down***.

"Will-…" he mumbled, and he was *frowning*, which was weirder than the lyrics of the song assaulting his ears.

Will had had the shirt nearly over his head already, and when Hannibal tugged it down again, the collar snagged the younger man's spectacles right off his face. Luckily, Hannibal had excellent reflexes and he let go of Will's shirt to catch the glasses, but it was simultaneously unlucky, because Will –uninterested in his glasses- went right back to undressing himself and pulled his shirt up again, quicker that time than before.

And when Hannibal grabbed for it again, it was too late, the shirt was already yanked off of Will's head and was now caught around his arms.

Hannibal quickly pocketed Will's glasses, and tried again to pull the shirt back up Will's arms and over his head of messy curls,

"Will, please put your shir-…"

"Honeeba-hey…stohpuh," Will *giggled* and Hannibal was unexpectedly met with Will's right hand on the side of his face, shoving him away blindly as Hannibal tried to pull the shirt back over Will's head.

Will was wriggling persistently and his thumb ended up pushing Hannibal's top lip up and his fingertips pressed over Hannibal's cheek and eyes, squashing the skin of his face, "that's'nt-you'n doin'it…wrhong." more giggling, slurring and wriggling as Will tried to reverse Hannibal's intentions.

Will won in the end, he got the shirt off, because Hannibal stepped back to avoid getting any fingers stuck up his nose, and as he stood back and carded a hand through his hair, Will tossed his white undershirt at him, and it landed partially on Hannibal's head but mostly on his shoulder.

Will wooted, and Hannibal sighed.

Right, so, Will was shirtless now, half naked, which wasn't a bad sight in and of itself, because Will was attractive and he had a good body, very easy on the eyes, but he was drunk…drunker than drunk, and that was a problem.

Hannibal plucked Will's shirt off his head, dropped it on the floor and ignored Will's –atrocious- dancing for a moment to focus instead on Will's jacket –where it'd been stripped off and tossed- on the sofa, on top of which lied Will's cellphone, blaring the infernal music. He stepped around Will toward the sofa then, and was about to reach for the cellphone to end the noise, when he felt a hand on his waist…and then another on his left buttock.

Will muttered something about *'thembuns'* and Hannibal turned around abruptly to face him, grabbing at his wrists to remove his hands. But in Will's uncoordinated state he overbalanced into Hannibal and their knees knocked, legs tangled and they fell, Hannibal backwards onto the sofa and Will following down on top of him.

Hannibal had grabbed the back of the sofa with one hand, having tried to catch his fall somewhat, but it hadn't worked, and he was currently lying with two thirds of his body on the couch, flat on his back with only his lower legs off the seat and his feet on the floor.

And Will…Will was lying on top of him, drunkenly comfortable with his body weight unchecked and heavy, one leg relaxed between Hannibal's own and his arms at the sides of Hannibal's head, and Will was nuzzling his neck.

Hannibal's first thought was; at least the music is muffled.

It was a small consolation at least, even if the offensive cellular contraption was currently digging into his spine.

Will was muttering against his shoulder and shifting a lot, and he was partially erect, Hannibal could feel it since their pelvises were more or less aligned. Hannibal sighed –again- when he felt Will starting to kiss at the side of his neck. It was spitty and smelled of whiskey and was absolutely *not* sexy, but Will was making snuffling noises and under the whiskey he smelled…well, like Will, which was not bad.

"Will…" he sighed again, rethinking Will's actual intention behind coming to see him, "…I'm going to help you up, and then I'll take you upstairs to my guest-…"

"You'nalwayssmmmell…sogoohud." Will slurred.

Yup, Hannibal definitely had a better idea of Will's reason for coming to him; an apparently latent sexual attraction.

"Will-…"

"Um'na eat you'nup…" Will mumbled, and then proceeded to make ridiculous and inarticulate *nomming* noises as he nuzzled and mouthed at Hannibal's neck more aggressively, all whiskey breath, tickling curls, wriggling hips…

…and Hannibal lost his composure.

He shoved Will off of him roughly, and the younger man landed on the floor beside the sofa with an indecorous thud and a giggled; 'owee'fuuhck,'.

"Hann'n-bal, um'down'er." Will informed, "I fell'n…ovher." he snickered.

Hannibal took a deep breath and then sat up, stood up, and he grounded himself above Will before he bent over and grabbed Will under one arm and by the other and hauled him up easily onto his feet,

"You need to sleep this off." he said firmly, and once Will was more or less not going to fall over, Hannibal grabbed his shoulders and steered him back through the foyer toward the stairs.

There'd be no sobering him up, Hannibal needed to put him to bed.

"You'n gonn'wanna, do'hit…on the, on'r bed…" Will stumbled around a corner and Hannibal caught him, continued steering him, "…I'nknown'oo…" they reached the stairs, and it was slow going since Will's feet didn't move coordinately or quickly enough. That didn't stop his mouth from running though, "…um'in'unna do…the-that thing-there'sa thing, uhuh, a thing with my'n-that I do with-and you'll *love* it honee-bal…" he made his voice higher on the word love and then said, "-unce, unce, bow'n chikka owwoow."

Hannibal just couldn't even…

And due to the fact that he was basically holding Will up from tumbling back down the stairs as they ascended, Hannibal couldn't risk doing anything about the sound of Will undoing his own belt buckle…and zipper.

"Will, please, keep your pants on." he tried, but knew it was futile.

Will might as well not have heard him, because on the second to last step, his pants dropped over his thighs and to his knees and of course, he tripped and fell forward, his hands landing on the level floor at the top of the steps. And Hannibal caught him around the waist…which inevitably left him bent over Will, his crotch pressed to Will's underwear clad backside and his chest partially pressed to Will's naked back.

If that wasn't awkward enough, Will said; '*dog'n shtyle'* and followed up with '*do'n you know kramra shrootra stuff'n f'r buttsex*', before he dissolved into a fit of giggles and slumped onto the stairs on his knees and elbows, his body shaking as he laughed.

Hannibal rested his forehead between Will's shoulder blades then…and he huffed out a laugh, because Will had just said 'buttsex' and he was absolutely perfect and ridiculous for it.

Hannibal felt affection and adoration, but ignored it. He'd think about it later.

Right then, he needed to get Will safely lying down and asleep.

Once again, Hannibal stood up and helped Will to stand before they continued on, his hands once more settled on Will's shoulders. And while Will stopped a few times on the way down the hall to kick off his shoes, nearly falling over, walk out of his pants, nearly falling over, and then attempting to remove his underwear and nearly falling over, Hannibal considered it a victory that when they arrived at the guest bedroom, he'd managed to thwart Will's last attempts, so that the younger man was still wearing his faded blue boxer briefs crookedly on his hips.

Hannibal switched the light on as they entered the bedroom, and once they reached the bed he sat Will down on the side. Will hummed and looked around the room as Hannibal reached over to the side to move the excess pillows so that he could pull back the comforter.

But then Will was trying to remove his underwear again,

"Will, no…" Hannibal grabbed his wrists, his underwear settled precariously low on his hips already, as well as being vaguely tented at the front. Will was undeterred by Hannibal's words and he grinned, attempting to reach for Hannibal's shirt buttons even as his wrists were held, "…stop, Will, and lay down." Hannibal said quietly but firmly.

Will only grinned more and attempted another drunken leer,

"You'n'unna' do it with-r'where you'n clothes'r on…" that made little sense, "… whaaat'thas'…'s'hot'ok, like'um doin' a James'n Bon'vill'nin…" he made another attempt at a sexy tone, lowering his voice until it was raspy and sounded sore.

And then, literally out of nowhere, Will looked up at him, smiling with wet lips, blue-green eyes suddenly salacious, and he made a rolling 'R' growling noise that was beyond unexpected…and Hannibal felt the very first stirrings of arousal.

Stunned, he let Will's wrists slip from his grasp.

It was just not fair that Will could make such an absurd sound seem *sexy*.

"Han'nin-bal-…"

"Will-…"

"I'm'n'unna put my hand'n-down in ye'r pants s'now, kay." and he went right ahead and tried to.

Hannibal grabbed his wrist again before Will's fingers made it beneath his pants hem,

"Will-…"

"S'good, trus'mee Han'ninbal, trust- you'n trust me? I'nknown how to do'nit, 'um seer'us." he tried to sound serious too, and he tried again to get Hannibal's zipper down with his other hand, "We'll do'n…les'do'n sex." Will leaned forward and pressed his open mouth against Hannibal's silk shirt, licking at him through the material, right into his navel.

"Will-…" Hannibal tried to step back but Will only took it upon himself to stand up unsteadily, hands still trying to break free of Hannibal's hold as he leaned in grinning, trying for a kiss,

"Your'r do'nit good, so…" he licked his lips, still leaning in and managing to land a kiss on Hannibal's chin, "…don'ya know'n how? Ul' teash you'n, I'm –I…know'n this part-…" Hannibal applied a little force and sat Will down again, "…les'make Honeebabies-Han'nin-bal…babies…" and then he started snickering again, leaning his forehead against Hannibal's stomach.

Hannibal shut his eyes briefly, taking a breath when Will's eager hands went lax in his grasp, and he released his wrists and opened his eyes again, placing his hand on the back of his

Will's hair, his fingers tangling in the curls as he held Will's head to his stomach and leaned over to open the bedcovers.

Will didn't go for his pants that time, but he did pull back to look up at Hannibal, reaching for his face,

"…I can'nit have babies…" more snickering, "…be seer'us…" he frowned, and Hannibal just sighed and remained half leaned over when Will pinched his lips with warm fingers and held them together. He stared at Will as the younger man pushed his own lips out, "…they'r'n have-lisps…lips like ye'rs…an' crazy-be crazy lite' me…" he smiled again.

Hannibal held his gaze for a moment longer, and then stood up straight and Will's hands fell away…straight onto his belt buckle. Hannibal sighed and pressed his fingers and thumb into his eyes as Will fumbled with the pin and strap.

"You'n top, if you'n'unna, be'n on top-…les'ump buglies, we'll do it the-like the Euror'peens…"

At that –nonsensical (because what did that even mean anyway?)- point, Hannibal decided that perhaps a different approach would be more effective, and so he changed tactics and hoped for the best,

"We already did that, Will." he lied evenly, knowing Will was stupidly drunk and was having trouble keeping up.

Will gaped at him with a spit wet mouth and then narrowed his eyes, his hands becoming still on Hannibal's pants button as Will looked up at him as if he'd just slapped him across the face.

And then Will closed his mouth, pursed his lips and hummed,

"We did'nin-had ses'k?" he amazingly enough, managed to sound suspicious.

Hannibal blinked down at him, his lips curving into a mildly amused smile,

"Yes, we did."

Will smiled too then, for what reason though, Hannibal had no idea,

"I do'n'known, honee-," he said 'honee' somewhere between 'honey' and 'Hanni' each time and Hannibal disliked it, but wouldn't bother asking Will to stop, "if'n I niddit' know better, I say you'n'r tryring' to take navantage of the'r, fact that um'n drunk." he slurred almost every word, his voice pitching in humored distrust.

And wow, did Will have it all wrong. Hannibal was the one being taken advantage of.

But no one would *ever* know of the horrors Hannibal endured that night, thankfully, because Will wasn't likely to remember squat come morning.

"Never, Will," Hannibal said blandly but with a pinch of feigned incredulousness, "recall downstairs on the sofa? You were on top, vigorously." he said quietly and when Will frowned, his eyes drooping as he tried to recall, Hannibal used his distraction to press him backwards to lie down.

Will went easily, his head falling onto the pillow, his shoulders and back against the cool sheets. Hannibal was pleased when Will sighed, it was a good sign that he was running out of drunken sass. And Will's pliancy now allowed Hannibal the time he needed to get the younger man situated, lifting his legs –one sock missing on his foot- onto the bed, before he pulled the covers over Will, all the way up to his chest.

Will was watching him suspiciously, and Hannibal thought for a moment that he'd argue, but then Will's mouth stretched into a lazy, almost goofy grin,

"Was'n I good, huh, I wasuh, was'n-I?" he raised his eyebrows over his drowsy eyes, his curls a fine mess on Hannibal's unused guest pillows.

Hannibal looked down at him and wondered why all of Will's apparent confidence disappeared when he was sober. He smiled at the younger man,

"Exceptional…you are always exceptional, Will." and that was the truth.

"*Nailed it*." Will sing-songed in a high pitch tone, attempting to high-five himself and missing. That made him laugh and his eyes drifted closed and then open halfway again, and Hannibal smirked down at him as Will reached up and curled his fingers into a space between the buttons on his shirt, "I did'n the thing-with, uh, an'I rohocked yer' wurl', ryet'…" he said almost matter-of-factly, his fingertips grazing Hannibal's skin beneath his shirt, while with his other hand he idly scratched at his chest through the comforter.

It was the second time Will had mentioned the 'thing' that he did, and Hannibal would be lying if he told himself he wasn't curious to know *what* it was. But asking such a question would impede his progress with getting Will settled and asleep, so he let it go,

"You did," Hannibal said and then remembered what Will had said on the stairs and added, "and I loved it." with a humoring smile.

Will was nodding,

"Made you'n say muh'…" he yawned around the 'name' end bit.

Hannibal had in fact said Will's name several times that evening, so he just inclined his head graciously,

"Many times."

Will's eyes settled on Hannibal, dazed but warm and shining with familiar fondness, and right then, the younger man looked carefree and almost happy. And then he laughed somewhat loudly and it faded to a snicker and then a hissing 'shush' as he tugged on Hannibal's shirt,

"Don't tell Jack that it'n, that I did it on you'n…" Will shook his head, "…he'll geh' mad cussis' unprofish…fishin', proffessingal." he finished quite confidently, waving his other fingers around in the air.

"Indeed. Our secret then." Hannibal assured.

"Oh'an by the way'n," Will grinned, fingers slipping out of Hannibal's shirt so that Will could slide his hand up into the subtle dip of Hannibal's sternum, "I like you'n, Han'nin-bal." Will said randomly, voice softer and a half whisper, and then he reached out to grab Hannibal's forearms with both his hands, and with unexpected strength Will tugged him down.

When he fell forward, Hannibal braced himself with one hand on the mattress beside Will's shoulder and stopped himself from going low enough to kiss Will, because that's what Will wanted. But then Will moved more coordinately than Hannibal would have expected, his hand shifting from Hannibal's arm to the back of his neck, where he pulled Hannibal down properly.

The kiss missed somewhat, their lips not properly aligned, so it was firm but crooked, and Will smelled strongly of whiskey, the scent of which burned Hannibal's nose, and Will's lips were damp with excess salivation and Will was breathing too heavily…

…but Hannibal let the kiss settle, because it was *Will* and he was holding on so tightly.

So he let their lips linger and he met Will's slightly parting mouth and the sliver of tongue seeking his own with just the same, before Hannibal placed his hand on Will's wrist and gently slid the younger man's hand off his neck as he drew back.

Will breathed deeply, staring up at him as he licked his already moist red lips before they curved into a soft smile. Hannibal swallowed with a soft click,

"Sleep, Will. I'll see you in the morning." he said softly, gently, and then pushed himself to stand up straight.

"Okay'ul…make eggs." Will nodded, his eyes drifting closed again, taking a second longer to open afterward.

Hannibal raised his eyebrows and pursed his lips, nodded to himself once and then he turned to leave, but when he was halfway to the door Will said,

"Can we make'n pancaskes?"

Hannibal glanced at the younger man, who sounded just about asleep, his eyes now closed.

And just because it was polite, Hannibal answered the pointless question,

"Of course, for breakfast. Good night, Will." and when he received no answer, he walked to the door, switched off the light and went to step out.

He heard a mumbled; *night honee, don't let the beds bite,* just before he clicked the door closed and Hannibal couldn't help it, he smiled with his teeth then.

Hannibal returned to the guestroom a while later to set down a bottle of aspirin, the water he'd opened earlier, Will's phone and glasses, all on the night stand. And he placed a wastebasket lined with a disposable garbage bag down at the side of the bed, just in case the younger man needed to throw up but couldn't make it to the en-suite in time. He also left Will's clothing neatly folded at the foot of the bed and his mismatched boots on the floor there, and placed fresh towels and a sealed toothbrush and toothpaste tube on the bathroom counter.

He left Will to sleep then, the younger man having not even stirred as Hannibal had moved around him.

The following morning, Hannibal heard Will's phone ringing from where he was inside his own bedroom, up long ago and just finished dressing for the day. Hannibal knew that the FBI would have found another dead body, and he knew it would be Andrew Caldwell's, the pig he'd killed the night before, just hours before Will had shown up drunk on his doorstep.

Ten minutes later, when he was leaving his bedroom to go downstairs and prepare breakfast, Hannibal heard Will throwing up.

Will came downstairs twenty minutes later, looking pale and pained. He'd clearly showered, because his hair was damp and ruffled from being towel dried, and while he was dressed in his creased clothes from the day before, everything was neatly tucked and properly put together…well, except for his shoes, which neither of them mentioned.

He greeted Hannibal quietly, but didn't make eye contact and after he apologized for showing up drunk the night before, but for *nothing* else, Hannibal assumed that he probably didn't remember anything, as expected. He knew then that Will was probably just guessing at what had happened based on the fact that he'd been drinking heavily the previous night and had woken up in Hannibal's guest bed.

That being that, Hannibal said nothing of it, saw no reason to, as he didn't want it to affect all of the plans he had laid out for himself and Will.

So after he asked about the phone call and Will explained that there was a new body, and that he was going to go home to change, feed the dogs and then head to the labs at Quantico, Hannibal handed Will two containers. There was a healthy breakfast in one and specially made pancakes in the other, and along with it he gave Will a flask of strong, hot coffee, and the younger man thanked him three times between the walking distance from the kitchen to the front door, before Will left to catch the cab he'd called earlier that was waiting on the curb.

Hannibal smiled to himself as he watched Will go, but he didn't really know why.

Two weeks later when Will showed up at his house again just before eight PM, uninvited and stone cold sober, in the wake of Will leaving after the–irksome- conversation that they'd had

in the kitchen, Hannibal was left wondering why Will had felt it was necessary to drive an hour from Wolf Trap to Baltimore just to tell Hannibal that he'd kissed –the apparently very kissable- Alana.

It was only a few hours after Will had left, that Hannibal realized he was experiencing *jealousy* over Will's sober –albeit mentally off balance- kiss with Alana…

…and it was only when he went to bed that night, thinking of his own unmentionable kiss with Will, that Hannibal acknowledged that, yes, jealousy made him nasty.

Hence the reason he'd sent eager-to-catch-a-killer Will, right into Tobias Budge's homicidal path.

End Notes

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